

## GALLIENI, SAVIOR OF PARIS, DEAD

French Cabinet Decides on National Funeral for Noted General.

## AIDED IN DEFEAT OF VON KLUCK'S ARMY

Rushed 50,000 Men in Taxicabs from City to Reinforce General Maunoury.

Paris, May 27.—General Joseph S. Gallieni, former Minister of War, died at Versailles to-day. His death caused a profound impression, as he was idolized by the French people, particularly the poor, who regarded him as the savior of Paris during the critical days of August, 1914. His funeral will be the occasion of a notable military and civil demonstration.

The Cabinet has decided to arrange a national funeral for General Gallieni and, subject to the approval of the family, to transfer the body to the Hotel des Invalides, which contains the tomb of Napoleon.

Born of a military family at St. Beat April 24, 1849, Gallieni, in the forty-five years of his military career, had participated in some of the dramatic episodes of the war of 1870, explored the Upper Niger and imposed a French protectorate over the region; pacified the colony of Indo-China; deposed Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar, and conquered and developed the colony. Between times he had written four notable books on exploration.

Fought with Lambert.

Two years after his graduation from the academy at Saint Cyr, in 1868, Gallieni received his baptism of fire as a second lieutenant of marine infantry at Bazailles. He was at the side of Commandant Lambert, who, with a handful of men, opposed an heroic resistance to the Bavarians at the house called "Les Perrières Cartouches." The last Cartouches—after the famous painting of the scene by Alphonse de Neuville.

Gallieni was sent to the banks of the Niger in 1879, and was charged in 1880 with the mission of reestablishing relations with Ahmadou, Sultan of Segou. Though fiercely attacked by the Bambaras, Gallieni pursued his march and reached Segou, to become a captive for eight months. Every morning of that captivity he received notice from the Sultan that he and his com-

panions were to be decapitated. Unmoved by this constant menace, he continued his negotiations with the Sultan, and instead of losing his head finished by securing from the Sultan the great nation, to the exclusion of all other nations, of the commerce of the Upper Niger.

Aided in Saving Paris.

On August 27, 1914, with the Germans threatening Paris, Gallieni was appointed commander of the reinforced camp and military government of Paris. The part he played in the battle of the Marne is partly known; how on a Sunday, while von Kluck's lightning-like advance was progressing, he sent 50,000 men of the troops of the army of Paris in taxi motorcars across the town, out to the spot where General Maunoury was assembling his army, and brought his forces up to a strength which enabled him to fall upon von Kluck's flank and start the great victory of the Marne.

Afterward Gallieni was appointed Minister of War in the reconstructed Cabinet. As War Minister General Gallieni dealt with a heavy hand with officers who had secured posts through favoritism or political influence. He sent to the front a number of able-bodied soldiers who were occupying safe billets in the rear. By revision of the exempt lists he added 80,000 men to the army.

In February of this year General Gallieni took over the direction of the Department of Aviation, but soon afterward he was taken ill and was compelled to resign on March 6.

## GERMAN'S PATRIOTISM MAY COST HIS HOME

Dr. Max Reich, Who Is at Front, Defaults on Mortgage Interest.

Dr. Max K. R. Reich's desire to aid his fellow Germans as a surgeon on the battlefield may cost him the property he owns at 248 Central Park West. An action was filed yesterday in the Supreme Court to foreclose a \$30,000 mortgage which is held by Frances T. Breeze and Robert Burnside Potter. The physician has not been heard from since November 24, 1915, when he wrote from Constantinople, saying he intended to leave there in a few days for a remote point.

Since his departure the rents of the property have become insufficient to meet the carrying charges, and Dr. Reich is in danger of losing his investment under the hammer.

Dr. Reich came to the United States as a member of the suite of Prince Henry of Prussia. He went back to Berlin, but returned here later to take advantage of the opportunities he had observed while on a visit. He established a lucrative practice and bought the Central Park West property.

In 1911 Dr. Reich gave a power of attorney to the Title Guarantee and Trust Company to sell the property if there was a good offer. He gave the active care of the house to an agent. But several tenants moved and the income fell below carrying charges. No reply has come to letters sent in care of Professor Oscar Reich, in Berlin, which address Dr. Reich gave when he left New York.

## Flight Across Channel Gives Tribune Man Thrill

Continued from page 1

I got, somehow, a different light on the matter. I am going to be a legitimate target, in enemy territory, for German machine guns. Cheerful thought! A very good start the

So the mechanic turned over the motor and we sped swiftly across the smooth field. It is hard to describe the thrill which swept over me as we took the air. Aeroplaning was an old story to me, but the idea of leaving the earth at such a point, speeding through a couple of hundred miles of space, over land and sea, and alighting in another country in time for luncheon was decidedly new. And all of this by virtue of that little motor which could rest quite comfortably on a kitchen table!

A few sweeping circles, to gain altitude, and we headed into the east, thus beginning the first long lap of our journey which was to take us over England. The earth had flattened out and lay down there flooded in sunlight—a thing of glory. Field, forest, stream—each had its part in the fashioning of that wonderful carpet.

Flight Over Channel.

Looking down at the brown, cultivated spaces and the soft green of the meadows, it was hard to believe that we were over a war-torn land. There would appear grim barracks, blocked in against the beauty of it all. Somehow they did not come with those peaceful fields, nor did the long processions of motor lorries and columns of marching troops crawling along the ribbons known as roads.

But after a while the character of the land changed. The plains gave way to hills, bleak and gray. The roads showed very white, for this was the chalk and limestone country. They were quite clearly defined, these roads, a thin network of delicate lines like the veins in a leaf.

Then we came into the cooler air of the coast. Below us the sun and mist were dividing it evenly between them. This did not make for smooth sailing. Where there was sunlight the plane would sink abruptly into the thinner air, then regain her lift as the icy breath of a cloudbank struck our faces. And so we tore along through cloud and sunshine.

Suddenly there rose up, far ahead, an endless blue wall. Steel blue it was. It lay evenly across our path, symmetrical, dark, sombre, with wide scallops of silver along the great upper border of it. These were white clouds, with the sunlight on them, it was at the wonderful as if a barricade had been stretched up and down the world; as if God had mercifully drawn a curtain over the terrible things that were going on behind that mystic drapery.

I looked down. Thousands of feet below lay the coast defences. I may not write of them, but I know now that it would mean for the enemy to invade this little island. Then I turned my eyes ahead once more.

There was no gradual entering into the strange element before us. Abruptly, as we swept over the line of white cliffs, we were swallowed up in blackness. What had seemed impassable was giving way before us.

On and on we flew. There was nothing in front of us, nothing behind us, nothing on either side.

I turned to look at Mead. He nodded and nodded the machine down, down through the blue vapor until I looked over and saw, as if it were at the bottom of a deep well of light, the gray water of the Channel.

This gray surface was mottled here and there with patches of sunshine. Toy boats ploughed along, leaving white wakes. An occasional black smudge told of the presence of cruiser or destroyer. Then the gloom engulfed us once more. These brief glimpses of the Channel occurred now and then until fully half the distance had been traversed.

Patrol Dirigible Sighted.

Once when the darkness slowly yielded to the light I had a start. Almost directly under our craft appeared a spot quite foreign to anything I had seen before. Gradually it assumed slender, cigar-like lines. As it became distinct the light played on the silver envelope of one of Britain's dirigibles. She was two thousand feet below, probably patrolling. And she looked for all

ments in the matter of making a start. And there wasn't a level spot in that whole pasture. Yet Mead selected a course where he had to dodge hummocks, and which gave him only about one-third of the proper space, took her jolting over the rough ground and plunged off the cliff over the water.

When we started lurching along on that getaway I think I came nearer to being scared than ever before. It didn't seem as if the machine could stand it, and, if she did, there was a question of whether enough could be attained to keep her in the air.

But we came through. The construction again proved its worth. The motor held to its task and we were off to the main aviation base of the British Army in France.

Great Area Cultivated.

More wonders were in store on this flight. At first I was lost in admiration for the work of the French women. In spite of the fact that the whole burden of tilling the soil has been thrust upon them, they have under cultivation practically every bit of land in the great area over which we passed.

Mile after mile of fertile fields in which women were handling the plough and cultivators lay below us. One had to look sharp, indeed, to recover even a tiny plot which was unplanted. And I felt the pride which the whole world feels for the record France has made.

Northward we sped toward where the great armies face each other. Only the eye could tell when we approached, for the steady roar of the motor, running with precision and smoothness, drowned all other noise.

I had been going off to the right for some time, trying to make out a distant object which puzzled me. I gave it up and turned, quite abruptly, to the left. I looked down. I stared.

As far as the eye could see, over that vast expanse, were what might be taken for small volcanoes. Here, there, everywhere—the surface of the earth opened, belched forth a black substance, while a luminous cloud of smoke drifted lazily away, to be dissipated in the higher altitudes. My mind was slow to grasp the meaning of it—that this was the work of artillery.

It resembled a series of subterranean explosions. Sometimes a score of them would occur in a comparatively

small section and the whole face of the earth seemed to quiver and heave. I could hear nothing, nor could I, of course, see the shells. Only those mysterious upheavals and the accompanying bursts of dirt and smoke.

Now and then from a patch of woodland the smoke would filter out. Three times in passing over villages I saw buildings vanish as if by magic. Only the smoke remained.

Battle Line in View.

And then—then came those two jagged wounds—those two ugly wounds from which the lifeblood of nations is pouring. They ran side by side, now very close together, now diverging a bit, to become parallel further along.

Sinister and ghastly, they stretched away into the distance. And, as if they were not raw enough, from time to time the shells tormented them, tearing vicious holes and doubtless hurling human bodies into the air with the mud and smoke. I was glad I could not see that. And over the lines the steady patrol of the airmen.

From what I saw of the artillery work I am sure that the British were sending over two shells to the Germans' one,

and that they were doing enormous damage, especially those which were directed against the German trenches.

And so we came at last to the headquarters of the Royal Flying Corps. It was pleasant to glide down and land gently on that smooth green. To get away from the grim evidence of what was happening so few miles away.

Now, less than two months ago I visited that same aerodrome and inspected the equipment. And there is no comparison between what I found there at the time of my first visit and what is there now. The improvement is amazing.

The average machine in those hangars is better than the average German aeroplane. The results on that front prove this to be true. Nobody could look at that imposing array of battle 'planes and scouts and bring serious charges against the organization and efficiency of the Royal Flying Corps in France.

And they are bringing down the enemy. They are getting in from six hundred to nine hundred hours of actual flying each day, and they are not afraid. When a man can get aboard an armed 'plane and scurry to an altitude

of five thousand feet in five minutes it is a token of accomplishment. And it is done there every day.

The enthusiasm is tremendous. Every flyer is working constantly to improve his fighting powers. One aviator proudly exhibited a new gun sight which he had invented. Another dwelt upon a theory whereby he hoped to get more revolutions from his engine, and so on.

Captive Fokker in Aerodrome.

In a shed stood one of the "deadly" Fokkers, captured from the Germans. As I remarked in a previous article, there was not a new idea in it. Just a lightly built Morane copy. The British aviators were flying it about the aerodrome just for a lark. They do not consider it safe enough for use in action.

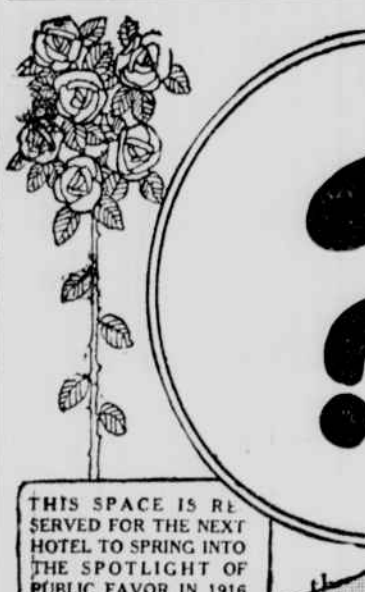
"The undesired publicity which the Fokker received was very disturbing to us," an important officer told me. "The virtues of the craft were terribly exaggerated. And it is a bad thing for a man to go into the air firmly convinced that the enemy has a machine far superior to his, especially when our planes have been able to overcome the Fokkers right along."

My return to England was made in a fast monoplane with Lieutenant Passant. It was swift and absurdly easy. But there was one incident.

It was when we were crossing the Channel at a height of almost two miles. Away down there, showing against the sunlit water, were three long, white lines. They were like three great lines of breakers, except that they were straight and unwavering.

It was not until Passant noticed them and descended a bit that I could make out what they were. Mere trifle. Only about thirty of his majesty's warships, steaming along in cruising formation, three abreast and one behind the other in each line.

Nothing I ever have seen was more inspiring than the sight of those ships, moving with the indescribable grandeur toward an unknown destination, these snowy wakes blending into three perfectly straight lines. I thought of that other mighty fleet—the watchdog of the North Sea, which holds the Kaiser's ships like rats in a trap. And, as the white lines faded into the distance, I concluded that England has not only a very respectable air service, but a pretty good navy.



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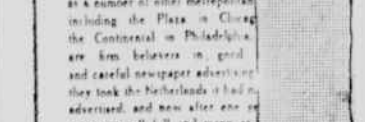
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# HOTELS NOW THE REAL HOMES of the NATION'S BEST SOCIETY

## How THE SAVOY Could Advertise

Mr. John F. Reis has created an atmosphere that makes an irresistible appeal to those who once visit the magnificent Hotel Savoy. Unfortunately it is not possible for every one to visit the hotel. However, it is possible and also practical to take the hotel to every one who is interested through GOOD ADVERTISING.

Wouldn't it be worth while, Mr. Reis, to let the people know that out of your four hundred guest rooms many overlook the main entrance of Central Park; that no rooms open on shafts; that the ceilings are almost twelve feet high?

Wouldn't it interest them to know that your banquet halls equal in beauty any of those in Europe or America; that one alone seats four hundred guests; that your Palm Gardens and other restaurants serve delicious luncheons and dinners, either table d'hôte or à la carte, at modest prices?

Herewith are reproduced two suggestions for advertising that will bring these points home to newspaper readers. These are part of a campaign prepared without obligation on the part of the advertiser, and which will be submitted gladly on request by The Tribune.

This advertising placed in The Tribune will be read by more than 100,000 people daily. Among these are many families considering closing their homes and moving to some hotel; social leaders planning balls and banquets; families preparing for weddings; visitors from all over the land arriving and seeking quarters.

These Tribune readers are responsive because they know they can rely fully on Tribune advertising. Other hotels have proven this conclusively, as shown in these preceding announcements. When will The Savoy begin?

Over four hundred guest rooms, of which many overlook the main entrance of Central Park. Every room an outside room. Ceilings almost twelve feet high. Over 250 private baths. Only twelve minutes from theatres, shops and railroad stations. Rates \$60 and up monthly.

58th to 59th Street

Fifth Avenue

SAVOY

Suggestion for 90-line advertisement.

NEW YORK'S GREATEST SOCIETY HOTEL

HOTEL SAVOY

Acknowledged the most beautiful location in New York—overlooking Central Park on Fifth Avenue. Situated in the heart of the exclusive residential section and the social center of the city. All outside rooms.

DINING ROOMS FOR 400 GUESTS.

The Palm Garden and other restaurants accommodate over 400 guests. A wonderful arrangement of parlors and banquet halls can take care of 500 guests. Ideal for social affairs as well as regular residence. Rates \$60.00 and upwards monthly.

FIFTH AVENUE—58th to 59th STREET

How the Story Can Be Told in 140 lines.

# The Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** Suggestions for other large New York hotels will be presented in this space from day to day. These suggestions are intended to show in a clear and comprehensive manner how good publicity can be used for building up a splendid business among Tribune readers. Watch this space daily.

Tribune Service.